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Facing the Sea

BY CHARLES F. WISHART

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. For verily in this we groan, longing to be clothed upon with our habitation which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For indeed we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon, that what is mortal may be swallowed up of life. 2 *Corinthians* 5:1-4.

WHEREUNTO shall I liken this generation? Perhaps the picture may be brought before you by the parable of Atlantic City. It is, as you know, the world's playground. It is a place of vast crowds, varied amusements, much noise, the "big parade" of wealth and luxury, of jazz music and the latest dances; at its worst a place of some vulgarity, and at its best a melee of jostling contacts with all sorts and conditions of men.

Yet, not because of these things, but in spite of them, I love to go there. For it is the easiest and most convenient way to catch the sight and the smell and the glorious music of the sea. I love that rolling expanse of majesty and constantly changing beauty. I love it in all of its moods.

But the tragedy of Atlantic City is that so few really attend upon the sea. Thousands crowd the amusement places. Other thousands haunt the auction shops. People sit all day long, not to listen to the infinite voices from that majestic expanse of ocean, but to gaze at the Boardwalk and its hurrying, over-dressed crowd, its people in over-done costumes and its hotels in over-done architecture. They listen to the noise of its radios and jazz bands. Some even welcome the noise and dash and clatter to drown the voices of the sea. For sometimes that sea speaks in tones deep and solemn

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and challenging, and there are those who fear to hear it. But even so, on every pier there are a few seats, the farthest out, which face toward the sea. On these front seats you may see men and women, sometimes little children, at far-off gaze, drinking in the wonder and the majesty of the mighty ocean. And at night, when the hurrying feet are at last stilled upon the Boardwalk, and the traffic and din die down, through the open windows there come the steady surf beat, the fresh exhilaration of the winds which blow from far-off shores, the mystic breath of the tides.

So is this generation in its attitude toward the future life.

Men are faced toward the noisy and garish Boardwalk, and they are not contemplating the eternal sea. I question if one man in a hundred has ever sat down calmly to think through the vast mass of rational, moral, spiritual, religious, esthetic, and ethical considerations which mass themselves around the question of human immortality. Alas, even many Christians have not done so. Sometimes they have accepted the matter solely on the basis of authority, because that is the easiest way. It was not then necessary to think.

Listening To Eternal Voices

But all the while there have been men and women—far more than we realize—who, in the midst of the din and hurly-burly, have chosen their seats so they could calmly sit out and look over that eternal sea. And as they have gazed and listened to the voices that are wafted from far-off shores, their vigil has not been in vain. Some time ago, in the city of Chicago, there was a public discussion of the future life. Four men participated, and each believed in it, but each from his own angle of approach. There was Dean Gray, of Moody Institute, who said, in substance: "I care nothing for scientific proofs, nothing for arguments from rational, moral, or ethical considerations. I plant my feet upon the authority of the word of God, on the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture; on the assured historic fact of the resurrection of Christ and the inspired witness of his apostles." There was Dr. Ford, pastor of the First Spiritualist Church in Boston. He said: "I care nothing for authority. The future life is capable of scientific proof. Psychic investigation at the hands of men of the first rank in ability and integrity has demonstrated that life, beyond the shadow of a peradventure." You will not agree with him on that, and neither do I. But if you had argued with him about it, he could quote to you names by the score, or the hundred, of those who do thus believe in whole or in part. And that list of names would contain, perhaps, a dozen men in Europe, England, and America who stand in the very first rank of intellectual and scientific achievement.

And then there was Dr. Charles Gilkey, dean of the University of Chicago, an outstanding preacher in the modern method of theological approach. And he said: "The future life is to me a great adventure of faith through a door left open by philosophy and science." And then, last of all, was Arthur Compton, who spoke as a scientist, and who said, in substance: "Science can neither prove nor disprove. But she is coming to show many considerations favorable to a belief in the future life." And Compton, quoting from Sir Arthur Keith, the English mechanist, who had said that life goes out like the flame of a candle, replied: "Ah! But the candle does not go out. Its energy goes on and on to the farthest reaches of the universe." While he disclaimed using this figure as an argument any more than Sir Arthur Keith could use it as an argument upon the other side, Dr. Compton said that while science could not declare the final verdict, he was not only a scientist, but a man. As a man who had stood by the bedside of his child when he thought that child was dying, he stood along with the rest on the bedrock of that great Christian hope in the life beyond. In different chairs, you see. One in the chair of conservative theology; one in the chair of psychic research; one in the chair of liberal Christianity; one in the chair of the physical scientist; but these men have their backs to the Boardwalk and their faces toward the eternal sea. They hear its voices; and they catch, too, through the mists, the beckoning hand!

I shall not deal today with rational arguments for the future life. They are many, they are cumulative, they are deeply impressive. But once more I insist that it is not so much argument as attention that is needed. Arguments leave men cold, unless they meet an attitude of open-minded attention and the willingness to evaluate the moral, ethical, and spiritual facts as fairly and honestly as we evaluate the facts discovered in the laboratory. But let me, in a swift picture, touch the rational side just long enough to reverse the present position of those who believe and those who do not believe in a future life. At present, believers are in what I might call the position of administration. Speaking broadly, our civilization has been built up, directly or indirectly, by those who held in the main the Christian position. Either they were those who did hold these positions or else who were so profoundly influenced by the general acceptance of them that this motive has entered not only into our church life, but also into our philanthropies and charities, our social ideals, and even the principles of equity as they are administered in our courts.

Now the position of administration means always that of a target. This belief has been rather taken for granted as the accepted order, and has, therefore, been the target. Those who believe in this cardinal teaching of Jesus have had all the difficulties and all the perplexities and all the doubts hurled at them. Because they did thus believe, they have been called upon to explain mysteries which no one could explain, to account for things utterly unaccountable in the present status of our ignorance. And because Christianity could not explain everything and account for everything, the things that it did hold on good and sufficient reasonable basis were discounted.

"Wild Doubts of Doubt"

Let us now, in a homely manner of speaking, put the shoe upon the other foot. Let us suppose that in our social order the theory of atheism and mechanism

has come to be the dominant belief. Indeed, we do not need to use our imagination, for Russia is ruled today by a comparatively small group of men and women, each of whom must solemnly swear to fixed unbelief in a personal God or a personal hereafter. Now let us suppose that instead of the orthodox moderator of a church session receiving a doubting church member, we have an orthodox member of the Communist society whose religion is no God and no future life. I approach, a trembling candidate, to be received into his society. I must confess to some terrible doubts

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and fears about the truth of his religion. Mr. Chesterton has referred to his early "wild doubts of doubt." When I try to qualify under the mechanist creed I am assailed by wild doubts of doubt. I am a heretic, an unbeliever. I fear I should never get ordination in that group.

For instance, this high priest of atheism puts his ordination vows at me like this: "Do you believe that physical properties of matter came together accidentally to form this world, with its system of delicate balances, to sustain and nourish life, to carry that life through countless ages up to forms of amazing organic beauty, by and by to intelligence, and, at last, to self-consciousness and the ability to choose and love and aspire, to the brain of Plato, the heart of Lincoln, and the soul of Jesus; and that all of this has been nothing more than a series of physical accidents? Do you thus believe?" My answer is "No! I cannot thus believe. I am not simply a doubter, but an unbeliever of that." And, under my voice, I would add, so that the inquisitor would not hear me, "Such a belief is silly, asinine."

"Do you believe that, according to the doctrines of our holy evolution, every human capacity was evolved as a response to environment except, solely, the capacity for immortality? Do you heartily accept the idea that man's capacity to see and hear, to eat and smell, his capacity to labor and to walk and to swim, and to run, and to fight, were all developed in him because there was something in his environment that corresponded to them and demanded them, but that his instinct for immortal life and immortal love has absolutely nothing corresponding to it in the whole universe? Do you thus believe and confess?" And my answer must be "No. I am an unbeliever. I cannot confess to that monstrous absurdity."

A Charnel-House for the Good?

"Do you believe that through countless ages, toil and sacrifice and loyalty and love have built up a tremendous accumulation of life values—art, music, poetry, esthetics, religion, the lovely things of the spirit, the noble visions of Socrates, the rapt visions of St. Francis, the social and international visions of Shaftesbury and Stresemann and Woodrow Wilson—and that the end of all this is a charnel-house in which everything that labor and genius have striven through ages to effect will be as though it had never been? Do you thus believe?" My answer is, "I cannot thus believe. Such an idea is so silly and senseless that it vitiates all reason and turns all science and philosophy, as well as religion, into the nightmare of a crazy man."

"Do you believe that a universe which has created us with a capacity to love and be loved, such as, at its highest, expresses itself through father-love and mother-love and the great, dear, tender ties of home, has formed these ties only that they may be ruthlessly and cruelly torn apart forever?" My answer is, "No! Such a supposition would make this universe not only silly and senseless, but would make it demoniac. The work of a dumb demon, not an intelligent builder!"

"Do you believe that the faith which saved the world in the first century, and has, through two thousand years, furnished to the world the best things that history had to offer, was founded on a lie? That the world was saved by falsehood? Its best idealisms built upon the structure of a myth? The gleaming sun of resurrection morning nothing but the dream of a dreamer who dreamed that he was dreaming?" And my answer is once more in the negative. I reply, with Sir Oliver Lodge: "I will not believe that it is in the nature of man to think thoughts higher and more beautiful than the heart of the universe that created him." I will not believe that that faith to which we are compelled to turn in our extremity, if we are to live at all, which is so tremendously true to life itself, is not true to the facts of life. When a great negative philosopher lost his wife by death the officiating minister asked him what to read at the funeral service. And this philosopher said: "The Twenty-third Psalm and the fourteenth chapter of John." I appeal from the philosopher to the man! Because we are lacking in final intellectual demonstration shall we turn aside in our reason from that to which we must turn in our extremity? I

do not believe that we live in such a universe. I must trust its honesty.

And one hears the regretful voice of this high priest of the reigning Russian religion say: "Unfortunately this man has allowed himself to be carried away by heretical doubts of our holy religion. Excommunicate him. Cast him into outer darkness. Have no fellowship with this unbeliever."

Christian Doctrine of Immortality

So much for the rational side of the matter. Let me now turn more directly to the Christian doctrine of the future life. And the particular angle from which I approach this doctrine is, the emphasis of Jesus is not so much upon continuity of life as upon the abundance of it. His concept of the future life did not deal primarily with quantity at all, but with quality. A full, free, rounded, vigorous, and glorious concept!

Has not the Christian doctrine of the future life suffered because both preachers and writers have been discussing it in terms of quantity rather than in terms of quality? We have engaged ourselves with proofs that life lives on rather than with a vision of the kind of life which lives on. It may be freely admitted that if immortality meant no more than a continuance of life as we know it, many would be dubious about it. A few years ago, Professor Lowes Dickinson gave the Ingersoll lectures at Harvard university on the subject "Is Immortality Desirable?" The very raising of such a question indicates the attitude of the modern mind.

I freely confess that for myself that is not in question at all. If life offered me nothing better or different from that which it now offers I would still be eager to go on. With all the difficulties and depressions, with all the disappointments and failures, with aches and pains, with the grossness and weakness of this "muddy vesture of decay" in which we live—in spite of all these things, life is essentially sweet, and I would go on for the next five hundred years, if such a thing might be, with the privilege of renewal.

But I am well aware that many people do not share this view. Perhaps there is a difference in temperament. Perhaps, too, as I am sadly aware, life has dealt more hardly with many people than it has with me, with many who, to use my father's good old phrase, were "as good by nature, and possibly better by practice, than we." And I can well understand how it is that many to whom existence has meant pain and tragedy should be indifferent to the question of life's continuance, if by that you mean only its continuance and not its improvement. We can thus understand that tragic word which Kent uttered over the dead body of King Lear:

> Vex not his ghost; oh let him pass! He hates him much
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

But we must remember that such an attitude toward the continuance of life is essentially abnormal. It is like the judgment of a sick man as to whether he desires to live. I have known people so sick that they not only did not want to live, but could not conceive that they would ever be well enough to want to live. When convalescence comes, and the first tides of health and strength surge through the body, then that normal, healthy desire to live on wells up with irresistible and passionate force.

When the mariners of Ulysses on the Lotos Island had been drugged by the fatal poppy, they lost all desire for further adventure.

> Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast.
> And in a little while our lips are dumb.
> Let us alone. What is it that will last?
> All things are taken from us, and become
> Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
> Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
> All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
> In silence: ripen, fall and cease:
> Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

But Ulysses knew that this was the judgment of dope fiends. Drugged by fatigue and disappointment, and at last by opium! But Ulysses was not drugged. He was alert and eager for fresh adventure. Nay more, did not the beloved Penelope, his wife, and Telemachus, his dear son, wait for him in that far-off island home across the sea? The mariners' cry was the judgment of sickness, of morbid, unmanly cowardice; his the judgment of health, of eager, palpitant life, and the thrill of fresh adventure.

The "Abundant Life" Jesus Promised

So the men who in a contemptuous and blasé pessimism sound the note of indifference about the continuance of their own lives are usually doped by the poppies of fatigue or the still more deadly poppies of wickedness. Evil men can see nothing attractive in the continuance of a life which means for them only that tragic word of Satan in the Paradise Lost of Milton: "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." And not only is it impossible for such a mind to desire the continuance of present conditions. It is equally impossible for that mind to realize better conditions, just as a man in sickness has forgotten how it feels to be well.

But Jesus never talked about continuing the present conditions. "I am come," he said, "that ye may have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly." It was new life, better life, life full to overflowing, life of zest and progress, and the lure of fresh adventure; life free from the inhibitions of these awkward pain-shot bodies in which we now live; but functioning through new and glorious bodies, adapted to new conditions of service inconceivably great and glorious. Hard-minded or evil-minded men in the bonds of sin and iniquity are constitutionally incapable even of imagining what such a state might be. Those whose lives have been touched by the spirit of Christ and have by him been brought back to a measure of soul health can only, at the best, catch little glimpses of that splendor. "We know not yet what we shall be, but we know that when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory."

That is the message of Easter, and if we are still too

weak and unstable in our contacts with the life of Christ to realize it—just as a sick man cannot realize what it means to be well—we can at least trust that when the day breaks and the shadows flee away there waits a glory far beyond our ken.

Thus the best proof of immortality, after all, rests not so much in demonstrating the continuance of life as in sharing here and now the life of God. And when we come thus to share that life, in whatsoever weak and feeble a fashion, we have within us assurance of its continuance and its glorious progress. When men came to question Jesus about the future life with rationalistic and materialistic objections, he simply fell back upon one thing, namely, that good men, like the saints of old, were in union with God, and that in such union with a living God there can be no such thing as death. It was this faith which sustained him when he faced the cross, and which rose with him, triumphant, because he could not be holden of death. God is a God of progress, and not of slump and retrogression. With him we move on toward fulfillment, not back toward extinction. "Behold, I make all things new."

Good Science, Good Christianity

That is good science, I think. If the law of evolution has taught us anything, it has shown us how survival values are caught up, put into new environment, and carried on to higher and better stages of development. Jesus' doctrine of the abundant life is, from the scientific point of view, simply a statement that this great law of evolution has not stopped, but carries on. It is but the fulfillment in the invisible world of spirit of that law which we have seen in the world of matter. As, step by step, capacities have developed in the individual to meet new environment, so the capacity for immortality, which Plato saw in human personality, is the prophecy of that new environment to which it will be fitted. It is a mystery no greater than the mystery of birth, which we see all about us. It is a change no more shattering to the imagination than that great change which took place when life was resurrected out of the water into the air, or when it was lifted from the environment and capacity of the tadpole through the environment and capacity of Lincoln or Gladstone.

And that is good Christianity. I remember a quiet summer evening many years ago when I sat and talked over themes like these with Ormond, of Princeton, that philosopher of massive intellect, of great heart and devout Christian beliefs. And he said to me: "The next life is only a forward step in spiritual evolution. There will probably be many stages beyond that. But never again, I believe, the shock and wrench of what we call death. Both my philosophy and my Christian belief have led me to the conviction that evolution does not stop at the present stage of development, but that it moves on in the field of the spirit as we have seen it move up within the confines of earthly experience." Well, Ormond has moved on. He may not know all about it yet, but he knows more about it than do we. And when a great soul like that passes out through the shadows, there are "many voices crying 'Hail.' "

Far removed from Ormond in scholarship, but not unlike him in greatness of soul, was the late D. L. Moody—Moody, who commanded even the envious admiration of doubting and pessimistic men like Gamaliel Bradford. And a little before he went away, Moody said: "One of these days men will be saying, 'Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. I shall never be as much alive as then." The great philosopher, and the consecrated shoe-merchant who set England and America ablaze for God, had alike found the secret of their assurance, not in arguments about the length of life, but in the implicit acceptance of that quality of life which comes to us as we share the life of God through Jesus Christ. Once realizing and sharing this quality, we are beyond the reach of argument pro or con. And we catch the trumpet tones of that other great soul who gave his life to God just outside the Damascus gate, and who lifted his sacred face, like Ulysses of old, across the leagues of stormy water, to the far-off island home of his soul.

Not Faithless, But Believing

By Clarence E. Macartney

Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand and put it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. John 20:27.

THIS was the first Easter service ever celebrated. There was no music, no bells, no flowers, no fine clothes; but the risen Lord himself was present. On the morning of that day, a dispirited and discouraged company of Galileans were mourning the death of their lost leader. To them it seemed that all their hopes and expectations had died with him and been buried in the Arimathean's grave. But now, on the evening of that day, there is the stir and thrill of the most extraordinary tidings. Mary of Magdala claimed that she had seen the risen Lord. Two of the followers of Jesus on the way to the village of Emmaus said they had been overtaken by a stranger, who made their hearts burn within them, as he talked with them about the recent events; and when he sat down with them to break bread, they recognized him as the Lord.

Now in this upper chamber, ten of the disciples, and probably some of their friends, are met together. Peter is there, although it must have been a little embarrassing to him after his cowardly and profane denial of Christ. John was there, and James his brother. Judas was not there—no one expected him. He had gone to his own place. All of the living disciples were there with one exception, Thomas. It was strange that Thomas was not there. He was a reticent, sturdy, and determined sort of man, just the very kind one would expect to stand firm in such a crisis. It was he who, when the disciples were unable to dissuade Jesus from going to Bethany at

the time of the death of Lazarus because of the danger he would be in from the Jews, said to his fellow disciples, "Let us also go that we may die with him." After an utterance like that, one would have thought that whoever else was missing from the assembly of the disciples, it would not be Thomas. But John puts down in his record of the first Easter service, "Thomas was not with them." He was not there.

As they were discussing the exciting news of the day, with all the doors barred for fear of the Jews, suddenly Jesus stood in their midst. They knew him at once, as he lifted his hands upon them in benediction, and said, "Peace be unto you." At first frightened, and thinking that he was a ghost, the disciples, convinced by the proofs which he gave them, showing them his pierced hands and his wounded side, were glad. But Thomas had no share in that gladness. He was not there; he missed the thrill of the first appearance of Christ to the assembled disciples. He did not see the pierced hands lifted in benediction, nor did he hear the benediction of peace.

"Not There"

Never a Lord's day has passed since that first Lord's day, when Jesus appeared to his disciples in that upper chamber, that followers of Christ in some cave, or forest, or chamber like this where the disciples met, or some lofty cathedral, have not come together to celebrate the resurrection of their Lord. Souls have seen the Lord. They have received from him the spirit of life and love, and in those assemblies have heard the music and caught a flash of heaven's glory. Thomas was not there. He missed it all. The church can do nothing for the man who wills not to be there. You might have a combination of Paul and Apollos in the pulpit, and Gabriel and Raphael to lead the singing; but if a man is not there, public worship will do nothing for him. The time has come for a new declaration of the power and blessedness of public worship. Too often all that can be said of a Christian disciple is what was recorded first of Thomas, "He was not there."

The absence of Thomas from that first assembly not only deprived him of the joy and gladness experienced by the other disciples, but prejudiced him against the truth. The next day the disciples met him, and said to him, "Thomas, we have seen the Lord." But Thomas, who had been absent, was now prejudiced against any such idea as a resurrection. "Don't tell me nonsense like that," Thomas said to the other disciples. "You can believe such foolish tales if you want to, but I will not. I must have definite and infallible evidence. Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Where a man separates himself from the assembly of believers, he not only deprives himself of the blessings of public worship, but throws himself open to prejudice and unbelief. The next thing he will be questioning the Bible, the cross, and then the sincerity and intelligence of those who *are* there. The tendency in that direction is inevitable.

Thomas was not there that first Lord's day, but he was on hand the next Lord's day. That was greatly to his credit. He had made a bad start, and a foolish, boasting statement; but now he had the sense and courage to change his mind. Very often when a man sets himself on a certain course, he will stick to it, even when the folly of it is made evident. In his parable of the two sons, Jesus praised the son who, although he had at first said angrily to his father, when he asked him to go into the vineyard, "I will not," afterwards repented and went. So Thomas, absent on the first Lord's day, changed his mind and made his appearance on the second Lord's day. We wonder what influences had been at work on him during the week. No doubt the disciples made an honest effort to get him back. Perhaps his conscience, too, had reproved him. But however it was, he was there. "Thomas being with them," John says. On that day the doors being closed as usual, Christ again stood in their midst and pronounced that great resurrection word, so often on his lips in these appearances, "Peace." The disciples were all watching Thomas. Peter said to John, "I wonder what Thomas will have to say now. He said he wouldn't believe till he saw the print of the nails and thrust his hand into our Lord's side." But if they were waiting to see what Thomas would do or say, the suspense was quickly ended, for Christ, stretching out his hands, said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." Thomas, not needing now the evidence for which he had asked, but convinced by the presence of the risen Person, fell at his feet saying, "My Lord, and my God."

The Present and Believing Thomas

"Be not faithless, but believing." Faithless here is not used in the sense in which we employ it now; that is, without fidelity or honor; but without belief, without faith. Belief is the greatest thing in the world. The story of this appearance to Thomas shows that it was a real resurrection, that Christ rose from the grave with the same body with which he had suffered. It disposes thoroughly of the idea that the apostles were gullible, credulous men, ready to believe anything they heard about a resurrection. Instead of that, the fourfold account of the resurrection shows that they came slowly and reluctantly to their belief that Christ had risen. Christ himself rebuked them for being so slow of heart and unwilling to believe; and the disciples dismissed as foolish tales what the women had told them. And here is Thomas, a thorough skeptic, who refuses to be convinced except by sufficient evidence.

There is a popular form of half unbelief, or half belief, which practically denies the resurrection by saying that it was only a spiritual resurrection, that Christ took the form of a body, as in a vision, to convince his disciples of his abiding personality. But of such a resurrection the gospels know nothing. It certainly was not that kind of resurrection that turned the discouraged and disappointed apostles into the spiritual

and moral heroes who turned the world upside down with their doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection.

The idea of a spiritual resurrection in no way accounts for the empty grave. Upon the testimony of friend and foe, the grave of Jesus was empty. Where was the body? If the disciples had it, they would have been incapable of their heroic history, with nothing for their inspiration but a huge hoax and fraud. A dead Jesus would never have inspired them to the grand Acts of the Apostles. On the other hand, if the enemies of Christ, the Scribes or Pharisees, had the body, they would have produced it the moment the disciples began to preach that Christ was risen. But they found not the body. Where was it? The only

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reasonable explanation of the empty grave is that Christ had risen. That empty grave is the cradle of the church.

Christ tells Thomas not to be without faith, but to believe; and he pronounces, too, a blessing on those who in future ages will believe, even without the direct evidence which was granted to Thomas. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Christ could not do anything with a doubting Thomas; but with a believing Thomas, with twelve men who believed in a risen Christ, he can turn the world upside down.

No great or good thing is ever possible without faith, without confidence. If today, there is discernible in the church a certain timidity in the face of the world's unbelief, a certain shrinking from the mighty supernatural facts of the Christian revelation, climaxed by that one fact which carries all the others with it, the resurrection, then there is indeed cause for alarm and for repentance. Is the church going to be frightened by the pronouncements of science, when these pronouncements are hostile? Is the church going to be paralyzed by a system of education which leaves out God? Is it going to be panic-stricken by the open and bitter warfare against faith of all kinds? Then, let the church hear the word of her Lord, who was dead and is alive forevermore, who has the keys of death and of hell—"Be not faithless, but believing." That always—faith, belief—has been the fact which has won the hatred and the persecution of the world; and yet it is this fact, our faith, which overcomes the world.

Faith in immortality, and faith based upon the risen Christ, is absolutely necessary for any ordered system of life and for personal happiness. The remedy for the appalling and rampant crime which everyone decries is not to be found in any new codification of laws, or revision of the trial system, or speed in dispatch in trials, or severity of sentences—that will never heal this cancer which is eating at the body of the nation. The only thing that will do it is a solemn regard for the property and the persons of others, which is based upon a belief in a future life. That alone will give dignity and respect to human nature.

The Tragedy of Suicide

Huxley, at a funeral, protested against the words of St. Paul read by the clergyman at the funeral—"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—"Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." But more and more, it becomes apparent that the only platform for true personal happiness and endurance is belief in the life to come. "If in this world *only,*" said St. Paul. How terrible is that *only*.

Some time ago the country was shocked by the suicides of three well known men. One was a notable artist, who left a note saying that he had grown sick and weary of devising means for getting through the tedium of the succeeding days. The second was the head of a great manufacturing concern, with allied interests all over the world, who left no message whatever, either of hope or despair. The third was a widely known inventor, manufacturer, and philanthropist, who at seventy-seven shot himself, leaving a note which read, "My work is done. Why wait?"

Whatever the inferences to be drawn from the deaths of these three men by their own hand, certainly this can be asserted, that these tragedies show that personal talent and genius is no substitute for faith in God and the hereafter; that great business, the affairs of the world, building up and consolidating great concerns, can never satisfy the soul; and that great achievements of the mind, and even far-flung benefactions and philanthropies, are no substitute for the strength, the balance, the hope, and the courage, which are founded upon a faith in the risen Christ and the life which is everlasting. Men talk glibly about destroying civilization in the next, or in some other war; but there is only one thing that will ever destroy civilization, and that is universal unbelief in a future life. If in this life only! If this is all, and therefore delusion

and mockery must be written across the face of our chief joys and hopes, then we might as well all take a shotgun and do what those three men did.

It is the faith of the future in our hearts which ennobles and dignifies life, which restrains vice and crime, which is an everflowing fountain of charity and the anchor of our hope. How touching, beautiful, and powerful is that symbol of early Christian faith in Christ and all the hopes that center in him—the anchor of the ship. There you can see it today graven on their tombs, and cut on the walls of the Catacombs.

Faith is possible for all. Thomas tried to set himself up on a higher plane than the rest of the apostles, and demanded extraordinary evidence. But he ended by bowing before Christ and saying, "My Lord and my God."

Be not faithless, but believing. Say to him what the distressed and anxious father said when be came down from the mount, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

The Easter Eternal

By Frederick F. Shannon

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die. John 2:25, 26.

THE Christian Easter is not only historic fact but eternal reality which includes the facts of nature and of history. A biologist, who is primarily a Christian, and, therefore, is "living creatively," recently said to me: "Eternity is a circle; a circle has no beginning and no ending; but a circle has a center, and the center is God." This spiritually geometrical figure is what I mean by the Easter Eternal. Like a circle, it is unbeginning and unending in the sense that it roots in the nature and purpose of God. Like a circle, also, it has its center in God, and in the only formula of God that is adequate enough for humans to grasp and be grasped by—*God in Christ.*

I

The Easter Eternal means, first of all, *Infinite Personality.* "I am"—here is the ground and origin of a universe in which the fact of the Christ-life is perfectly natural. Before the "I am" of God in Christ all categories of time, space, matter, and energy are secondary; they follow the Infinite Personality as naturally as a violet follows the sun. Unless you believe the order of brute matter is eternal, you must believe that the pre-universe God is the one and only Eternal. Infinitely personal, infinitely creative, infinitely directive, infinitely self-limiting within his own illimitableness, the Christian God not only originates the impersonal cosmos, but momentarily re-creates it in the sense that it is held together by laws which are the self-imposed habits of his everliving Godhead. God can be alike immanent and transcendent in his cosmic relations solely because he is the one and only Eternal Person.

Is it not passing strange that it never dawns upon some thinkers that an Infinite Person may possess and preserve all the values constituting finite personality even while he exceeds that finiteness as the ocean exceeds a single drop of water within its vast and billowy being? Moreover, is it not high time that our miracle-mongering sensationalism were modified, transfigured, and illuminated by the fact of a God whose livingness and lovingness are as normal to him who raises Lazarus at Bethany as to him who raises a billion-miled universe from chaos to order? If we must speak of the miraculous, then, in the name of becoming mental humility and of exalting spiritual aspiration, let us think of it with reference to ourselves and not with reference to God; that is, we must not try to limit God to the scale of created stars or created souls.

So far as men are concerned, the order of nature, from Arcturus to the amoeba, is one vast, vitalized, and mechanistic miracle, apparently unified as it is unquestionably inscrutable to finite minds, and shall be forever. But so far as God is concerned, the whole creation from the starry billions of the Milky Way to the cellular billions in the gray matter of your brain, is as normal as a snowflake, in the noiseless embrace of gravitation, falling like a piece of white velvet upon the earth; as normal as sky-cathedrals piled up by unseen Angelos in the afterglow of a sun which not only does its "dying so triumphally," but in the very act of dying breathes forth the manifold splendors of the Living God whose servant and beauty-maker he is.

Furthermore, the "I am" of Infinite Personality carries within it certain colossal conclusions for the Christ-possessed human.

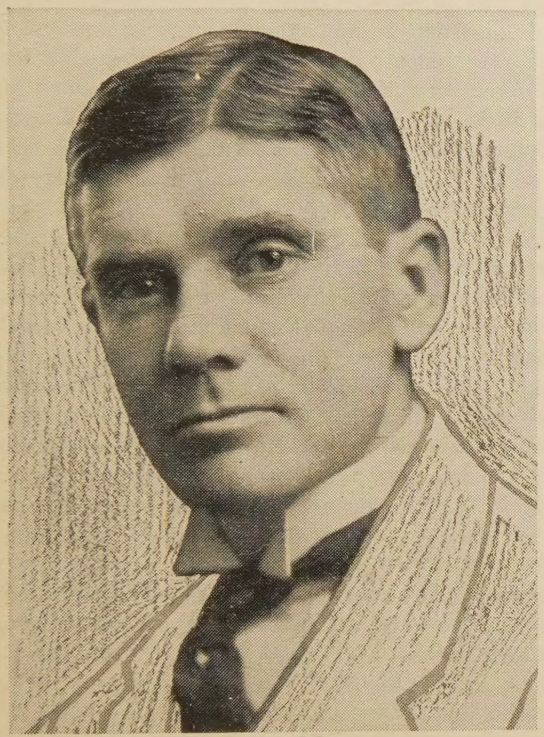
Colossal Conclusions

First, the conclusion as to *being* itself. How do you account for existence as set over against non-existence? I mean, of course, the whole of existence, actual and ideal. Does non-existence bring existence into being? Slam to your philosophy-door for just a moment, please! Let all the philosophers, from Plato to Dewey, warm their feet just outside your unphilosophic door; for, just now, we are not talking of essence, nor of substance, nor of hypostasis, nor of a single one of your philosophically long-distance relations. We are talking of *being*—pure, actual, ideal, or otherwise. My question is this: Can non-being beget being? Of course the question is self-answering in the form of a thundering negative—at least to all normal minds. But as to the problem of being, far better even than a self-answering question is the God-answering Personality: "I am."

Second, the conclusion as to *cause.* Here is a whole universe of effects. No matter when these effects, alike inconceivable and immeasurable, came to be—they *are;* and you, and I, and all souls are involved in them. Can effects be produced by the causeless? Or, to put it differently: Can definite effects be effected by the definitely ineffective? "Don't be foolish!" you exclaim. Yet sometimes the logic of answering fools

according to their folly is irresistible. When the use of chloroform was denounced as contrary to the Word of God, Professor Bowne says that Simpson, its discoverer, employed just such logic. He pointed out that in the first surgical operation on record an anesthetic was used, for when Eve was extracted from Adam, "God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," thus establishing a precedent for modern surgical practice! Meantime, let this truth bite into your subconscious, overconscious, and this-moment-conscious: Within and behind all effects is the Infinitely Personal and Causal "I am."

Third, the conclusion as to a *vast series of realities,* visible and invisible, objective and subjective. What



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makes matter, and fashions it into its billionfold forms? How did motion begin to be? Did the motionless highly resolve a declaration of motile independence in the unconstitutional interest of its own immovable motionlessness? How and why and where did life originate? Not, if you please, how did life reach the earth, whether by meteors or otherwise; but how, in any part of the living universe, did life, in any form, originally manifest itself? In brief, "Was the first bacillus or the first bacterium omnipotent enough to create itself?" How do the snowflake, the lily, the rainbow, the diatom receive their exquisitely proportioned and indescribably beautiful patterns? What causes consciousness, marvelous even in a dog, to become self-conscious conscientiousness in a Paul? Who breathes the more than sevenfold hallelujah chorus of volition into the angel-like Stephen, who, involuntarily stoned, voluntarily chooses to pray for his murderers: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge?" Is not here indeed the myriad-toned meaning to all this outwardly unmeaning and stupendous moral chaos—"Lord!" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

In the Realm of Miracle

Thus do we conclude that the "I am that I am" of Moses in the desert is not of desert beginnings. He inhabits eternity even as he wears the universe as a garment stitched by threads of unity, beauty, and intelligibility. He who eternally is, moves into the mothering-womb at Nazareth as quietly as he moved, in the infinite long agos, into the responsive womb of chaos and old night, bestirring the motionless into motion. He who numbers the stars and heals human hearts comes to Bethany, reuniting soul and body with no more violation of his own inviolable Being and Benignance than a mother's kiss violates the lips of her babe. As a matter of fact, are there not delicate and mighty gradations in the realm of miracle? The resurrection of Lazarus, for example, is not comparable to the resurrection of our Lord, either in manifestation of physical power or in moral meaning. The first is what Fairbairn would place among the "accidental" miracles—though "incidental" seems the better word; the second belongs to the "essential" miracles.

But the supreme level of miracle, for the historic and spiritual sense, is Christ himself. He is "a Person so miraculous that in his presence the most miraculous narratives are subdued to tame prose." In a word, the Christ of God is the forth-flashing of the Infinite Personality into time, space, history, and the consciousness of mankind. He is the Eternal "I am"—at once the Sent-and-Come of God's Innermost Being—laying hold of human and historic relations and benignly annexing them to his own unbegun Eternity; sharing his essential immortality with mortals whom he alone can immortalize; making them partakers of his nature and inviting them to dwell and live and love and serve in and through his Christlike Fatherhood with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

II

The Easter Eternal means *Abundant and Available Reality.* "I am the resurrection and the life." Here, as always, the Master is generic and specific. Resurrection is clothed in forms various and innumerable; life agelessly hums its countless airs from one central tune. Consider the two in their comprehensive and definite relations; for they touch God, the world, and the soul in their far-ranging inclusiveness.

Is not the principle of resurrection always at work within the unsearchable precincts of nature? Ask the seed you sow in your backyard. One moment you hold it—the immense little golden mystery—between your fingers; the next you have thrust it into its living grave. How simple! So simple indeed that it does not always require human intelligence to sow a seed; birds began dropping seeds into their earth-tombs eons before a single ornithologist was snugly tucked away into the bewildering mystery of his protoplasmic cradle! Simple? The dropping of that seed by your fingers into the earth simple? Why, your deed is simple neither as an act nor as a fact. You must actually con-

sult the Milky Way before getting to the end of your "simple" act which involves an unending and unfashionable fact! For a fact, you see, *is* a fact—whether a cobblestone or a cherub, whether a piece of putty or a piece of poetry, whether an unemotional stick or a profoundly emotional saint.

Facts Are Facts

Yes, facts are facts. Let us tell it in our modern gaseous Gaths and publish it in the technocratic streets of our twentieth-century Ashkelons—facts *are* and *will be* facts! Yet what a difference facts do contain! Is not the thinker on unshakable fact-ground when, for example, he confesses that in speaking of the law of gravitation he is compelled to use a metaphor? And why? Gravitation "knows neither precept nor sanction, but only describes a mode in which things are observed to behave." Wherefore, O thinkers, little and big, O philosophers, ancient and modern, O scientists, European and American, do bring on your metaphors! They are intellectually edible and spiritually stimulating! Indeed, do not your very metaphors lead us straight to the Soul of all meaning and majesty? For we are not following cunningly devised fables and metaphors when we speak of the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we are, here and now, while in the flesh and leaning on our bones, spiritual witnesses of his majesty! Verily, his majesty breaks gloriously through all metaphors and escapes straight into our inescapable and Christianized consciousness. Sowing the seed in your backyard, do you not sow the very principle and fact of a resurrection which has trumpeted a million Springs from apparent death into blooming Aprils and songful symphonies of being?

Still, in the Christian thought and act, spiritual resurrections and spiritual lives are the crowning reality. What is the resurrection, here, but the beginning of the new life for all disciples? And what is the life, here, but the continuity of the definitely begun new life through time and death and beyond? Now, two things are suggested by this truth. This life is abundant; its very and inexhaustible plenitude is a part of the purpose and glory of the Incarnation; therefore, God Incarnate says: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."

Yet its fulness is not surpassed by its availableness, lest its abundance should be lost in a kind of Sahara of tantalizing and infertile vagueness, stretching away into gray distances of philosophy finally merged with behavioristic sandhills where no spiritually green things ever grow. Standing, therefore, in the dry wastes of being, the Lord of Life cries: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and then, as if fearful of making us mere mental and spiritual parasites, he rings forth the challenge which will translate the invitation into conduct and character: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." So does the University of Eternity open its doors upon the campuses and within the groves of time. All matriculating students may "learn" indeed—even be among the wise who shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and who, turning many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

III

The Easter Eternal means the *Activity of the Human at its Highest.* "He that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." This quality and kind of believing is the highest possible human activity because it includes every human activity worthy of inclusion. Consider the process and consequence involved in the words of our Lord.

The process is described—not defined, because essentially indefinable—as belief, and the object of belief. And Christian belief certainly does not mean mere intellectual assent; it is something unfathomably deeper and more vital than the philosophically trained intellect, alone, can either formulate or imagine. Inasmuch as human nature itself is an animated treatise on imperfection, is there any real ground for the Hegelian assumption that perfection is to be found in the intellect? Verily, Christians shall become perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect; but no Christians have been authentically told that their Heavenly Father is pure and unqualified intellect. The Hegelian assumption is perhaps one of those philosophic conceits which too often leave large areas of the human soul spiritually unfarmed, and, therefore, with spiritually frozen assets which the Risen One alone can thaw out, liquidate, and put to work in the high business of truly individualizing and socializing humanity. And, be not deceived, this is infinitely more than intellect, even in its highest and loftiest reaches, can ever attain. Consider this: Is not Christ, to Spinoza, the symbol of heavenly wisdom? Is not Christ, to Kant, ideal perfection? Is not Christ, to Hegel, the union of the human and the divine? Is not Christ, even to Strauss, "the highest object we can possibly imagine with respect to religion, the Being without whose presence in the mind perfect piety is impossible?" Normal people, of course, have nothing short of the profoundest admiration for these mighty thinkers; they are in this regard, at least, an honor to humanity. Who, better than they, has given expression to the noblest concepts?

Christ More Than Symbol

Still—and this is what I am driving at—*the Christ of the Easter Eternal is not a concept; he is the very consciousness of God moved into and raising the human consciousness to its highest peak of being.* Therefore, he is more than a "symbol"; he is the thing symbolized. He is more than "ideal perfection"; he is ideal perfection at work in the soul. He is more than "the union of the human and the divine"; he is both, and here and now completing our incomplete humanity through his own divineness within us. He is more than "the highest object we can imagine with respect to religion"; he is religion itself, religion come alive in the whole of our being. In brief, he is *the* resurrection and *the* life, without whom deathless spirituality is

unattainable; with whom death, natural and spiritual, has no place within the vast ranges, near or far, of the Cosmic Christ. I know of no finer paraphrase of the Master's words, alike for process and consequence, than that of Plummer: "He that believeth in me, even if he shall have died (physically), shall live (eternally). And every one that liveth (physically) and believeth in me, shall never die (eternally)."

Therefore, am I not justified in saying that herein, and herein alone, do human souls reach their highest possible activity? For remember that this activity, which is the practical realization of the kingdom of God in individual and social relations, demands all there is of each of us and all there is of all of us. This is not some supermundane venture, however supermundane its origin and end may be. It is, unquestionably, the whole and holy business of here and now if, for you and me, it is to be a part of our individual and social well-being in realms invisible and timeless. The Easter Eternal, in richly creative continuity, descends into the temporal and transmutes it into the *Christian;* the King of Eternity has designated nothing more than this, but nothing less.

And are not the spiritual firstfruits of his own God-originated process the most amazing and glorious consequences in all history? While here in the flesh every kind and degree of human wickedness and weakness confessed to the regenerating thrill of the Lord of Life. The lame, the halt, the blind, the leper, the outcast, the harlot, the physically and the psychologically dead—all bear witness to his power and Godhood. Passing into the Unseen Universe, he begins the writing of a million-million gospels in terms of flesh and blood. His "living epistles" the world across and the ages through are known and read of all who see through the heavenly sparkle and overglow of understanding eyes. Transforming the very Jerusalem which murdered him into the center of a new human universe, he beholds, at its farthermost circumference, the victorious travail of his own infinitely redeeming soul. Saints of Cæsarian Rome, saints of the Dark and Middle Ages; saints of the Renaissance and Reformation; saints of the Modern Time in country, hamlet, and city; saints of the mart and laboratory, of school and press, of home and state—all, within the radius and radiance of his differentiating glory, are the human certificates and creative certitudes of his inpouring life and reality.

"No Other Master Than Christ"

We may not follow Adolf Harnack in all his reactions to the Christ of God, but we may and do follow him in these ever-memorable words: "The Christian religion is something simple and sublime. It means one thing and one thing only—eternal life in the midst of time by the strength and under the eyes of God." Likewise, may we not make the golden confession of Sabatier our very own? "When wearied," he says, "by the world of pleasure or of toil I can accept no other God and Master than Jesus Christ, because in him alone optimism is without frivolity and seriousness without despair."

Thus do these and a thousand other considerations form at once the background and foreground of the Easter Eternal. Its drawing upon the fields of time is not a suddenly extemporized event, not just an addendum to the huge and orderly cosmos; it is the manifestation in space, time, and history of the divine purpose which is from everlasting to everlasting; it is the God-wrought assurance that brute might, in the form of physical and spiritual death or of godless and unethical humanity, shall not forever lord it over reason, right, and brotherhood; that, positively, and upon this swift-rolling planet through the immensities, there shall be a Christ-created society from which war shall be expelled not only, but where men and women shall fight in the "good fight" with the constructive weapons of Love, Justice, Beauty, Truth, and the Holiness which unfolds into Christlike wholeness. This is verily of the nature and purpose of God; it is he who set this far-flung goal for the human spirit before he turned the morning stars to their cosmic chant.

First, the Kingdom!

By Robert Merrill Bartlett

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matt. 6:33.

A PACIFIC OCEAN steamer once crossed the path of another great ship. The passengers crowded to the rail to watch the vessel that sped by some few miles away. Suddenly against the dark evening sky, which made the sister ship stand out like a silhouette, spluttering signals crackled from the aerial between her masts. A variety of responses were registered in the faces of those on deck. To some, these startling staccato sounds were a touch of romance, a little excitement which made the crossing a bit more adventurous for a giddy mind. There was no meaning beyond a thrill. To others this was a thing of terror, ominous and forbidding it flashed against the black sky. With fear they shrank back, timid, seasick souls who wanted no more disturbance of any kind. And some ignored these waves of sound as some triviality unworthy of their attention; they turned away with blasé indifference. But there were a few whose eyes lighted up with understanding; they read in these splutterings from the ship's aerial a message sent in code. They interpreted the message and received this experience as an adventure which gave meaning to life.

This parable reminds us that only a few can read the meaning of the messages that are hurled about us along life's journey. Many either miss or misinterpret their significance. The speed of the engine engrosses us, or the menu card in the dining saloon, or we are intent on finishing our game in the bridge room. So we turn away from the flashes of light that offer us insight into other values outside our enslaving routine. Life itself is far more distracting than an ocean voyage; the process of our everyday world becomes

increasingly complex. Each hour is crowded and we are ever driven, so that we seldom have the opportunity to consider calmly the essentials of living. So many messages flash at us—appeals of every nature from the department store "ads" in the morning paper to the flaming movie house signs emblazoning the latest and most stupendous film ever produced. All day long it is the clamor of our children, the grind of work, the same wearing routine of humdrum tasks and the lure of the same compelling desires. Because life has become for us a maze of complex interests, a driving and crushing process, we are unintelligent voyagers. Many of us have grown so nearsighted in our grapplings with a prosaic world that we have run the ship on a bar and although we keep ever busy at the same daily process, we are really moving nowhere.

What Are the Essential Things?

Can we, in the stampede of this new age, recover a grasp on the essential things? At the beginning of this tumultuous century the French prophet, Charles Wagner, wrote his profound and soothing words on "The Simple Life." He was one who knew the deep secrets. He speaks to us across the years: "The sick man, wasted by fever, consumed with thirst, dreams in his sleep of a fresh stream wherein he bathes, or of a clear fountain from which he drinks. So, amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity. The thing called by this fine name—is it a vanished good? If simplicity depended upon certain exceptional conditions found only in rare epochs of the past, we must indeed renounce all idea of realizing it again. But simplicity does not belong to such and such economic or social phases: rather, it is a spirit, able to vivify and modify lives of very different sorts. Far from being reduced to vainly regretting it, we may make it the object of resolve, the end of practical effort."

The simple life is not the easiest or the lowest response. It requires us to aspire to the highest human destiny. We must say to the trivial and secondary interests: "Out of my light." "We must search out, set free, restore to honor the true life, assign things to their proper places, and remember that the center of human progress is moral growth. We are men, not by reason of the number of our goods and the pleasures we procure for ourselves, . . . but by virtue of the strength of our moral fiber."

If this was true of Europe in Wagner's time, it is a hundredfold more appropriate for the mechanized swirl of 1933. Our need today is less baggage and more brain, less slavery to externals and more inner mastery. The simple life we crave is a state of mind. Do we sense as we look out on a bedlam of interests what the essentials of living are?

Something to Do

One present-day student, Carnegie Simpson, contends that there are two essentials, and all else is secondary. The first is something to do. We may say on first thought that the beggar, who leaves home and work, and wanders about without being enslaved to any one place or job, has the secret of simplicity. But something to do is the basis of the contented life. The human personality must create.

It is axiomatic that we must work to live. Some exist without creative toil, but they are ignoring a fundamental of character. No man wins inner security who is not working toward some purpose. It is ominous that in a work-a-day America, with all our national traditions exalting initiative and honoring labor, hosts of our people today are striving to make a living rather than serve mankind. We must not only work to live, we must also work to develop.

Among the most noted dramas of Russian literature is "The Three Sisters" by Chekhov. It is the study

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of a group of idlers, typical of many of the best families in Russia before the revolution. They have lost faith in the government, in the army, in the peasants. Everyone is critical and irritable, and no one is happy. Instead of working to better conditions they sit about day after day in the same deadly routine, meals, tea, entertainment and talk. These intelligent people have nothing to do when millions all around them are in need and their nation is tense with impending revolution.

One of the sisters cries in her revolt against gloom and idleness: "Everyone must toil in the sweat of his brow, whoever he may be. In this alone is the aim and object of his life. How splendid it is to be a workman who gets up at daybreak and breaks stones in the street. . . . My God, if I can't be a man who works, I would rather be an ox, or a horse, or any work animal, than a young woman who wakes up at twelve o'clock, has her coffee in bed, and then spends

two hours dressing. . . . Oh, it's awful!" And yet she did nothing about it!

Another says: "There can be no happiness for us, it exists only in our anticipations." "I don't know anything, nobody knows anything." "We don't exist, we don't really live, it only seems that we live. Does it matter, anyway!"

It does matter to one who feels himself part of the creative process of the universe! This torpor and despair are not characteristic of a life consecrated energetically to service. As long as we look at life as a formula to be expounded, indulge in complaints and refuse to roll up our sleeves and work, we must live like gloomy shadows. These despairing Russians might have saved themselves by linking their intelligence with labor. Each one of them had the capacity to save himself and others, but never through mere wishing. Men are made through the upbuilding of their own lives.

This is not a plea for speeding life up. Too many of us think now that we can catch the bluebird of happiness by burning up gasoline. It is a plea for us to leave off all alibis for real and honest work! There is plenty to do today, in fact, far too much. Our business must center strategically about a moral purpose. We do not work just for wages, but to create some value, to express our souls and aid the world. Profession, home, personality, all are part of that first essential, something to do.

Something to Love

The other foundation is someone to love. Our prayer should be, "Save us from uselessness and lovelessness." Something to do leads us at once beyond ourselves into service for others. Margaret MacDonald gave a confession before she died: "I am most thankful for my work and for my friends." She built her life on the bigger concepts, she saw work to do and did it, she guided her children and encouraged her husband to press on after the ideals that have made him British premier, and found time to labor for the abolition of slums, the protection of women and children and the building of good will among nations.

Without someone to care for and share with, our lives are limited. Work is not enough, we must have love. The impulse of love goes beyond comradeship. As Augustine says, "What is love but a kind of life?" It is a life illumined by devotion to causes not chattels, to men not machines. Love can motivate our desires and redeem our ambition. "Love makes life a giving and not a mere getting." When a multitude of desires and burdens madden us, we have this force to lift us into self-transcending effort. Love is the manifestation of God, and when we demonstrate it we are living with God.

We all agree that work and love are fundamental, and beginning on this basis we soon find ourselves working out to the wider realm of religion. Work brings us to others and love brings us to God. Without the completing divine reality, our work and love are unfinished. Minus religion, we are like creatures trying to live in a mountain atmosphere where there is insufficient oxygen to permit us to breathe deeply. No aviator would ascend into the rarefied atmosphere without his oxygen tank. When he feels he can no longer meet the situation he reaches for his oxygen tube and sucks in the precious gas in deep breaths. With magical effect warmth and balance come back to his weakening body. We follow feeble strategy if we think we can make the journey of life without the help that comes from the unseen.

Why do we not seek to eliminate every unessential and build our lives on these validities, work and love? Tired, discouraged, confused, we look about at this whirling world and long for the simple life. If we will it, we can begin to live this career which was known by Jesus, Charles Wagner and Margaret MacDonald. We can be blessed by the serenity and mastery of the simple life.

Kagawa's Way of Life

I believe that Kagawa, the Japanese poet, is one of the best guides toward this simple life in our day. Unlike Gandhi he accepts the modern age; with all its evils, it can be made a tool toward progress. Instead of spinning his own clothes he uses the machine to produce thousands of suits of cheap clothing, better food, new jobs and sanitation. Instead of striving to turn the world back to medieval conditions, he strives to show that personality can triumph in the midst of a thundering new civilization. Instead of withdrawing from social obligations like some recluses of the present, Kagawa makes his family the center of his experiment in Christian living. He shows that home and community are the normal arena for balanced living. To him simplicity is not abnormality.

I have visited Kagawa's settlement houses in Japan and talked with him during his latest sojourn on American shores. He is a joyous little Japanese of 45, short and rather sturdy looking for one in such precarious health. He cannot read through his heavy spectacles without the use of a magnifying glass. He is almost blind in one eye. Tuberculosis has haunted him all his days. Yet a radiance gleams from his round face and an almost constant smile shows his gold teeth. His small hands are ever active, expressing a real enthusiasm for his simple ideals. He does not boast at all of the fifty books that he has written. He has turned away from literary fame and chosen to live with the slum people. He does not long for the wealth he has rejected, his face gives proof that he has a great secret. What a simple and friendly fellow he seemed as I sat opposite him—dressed in a cheap black suit, a soft white shirt and a black tie. It seemed incredible that the most noted poet and social leader of the orient could be as natural and joyous as a school boy.

I want to pass on something of Kagawa's secret. His first assumption is that life is God-given. He said:

"Everything in the world belongs to God. I am a son of God. Therefore, all things are mine. All the joy, truth, and beauty of life are mine. I do not have to envy or scramble." "A friend of mine," said Kagawa, "stood at Niagara Falls next to an American. The breezy American asked. 'Do you have anything like this in your country?' 'Well,' replied the Japanese, 'those falls don't belong to you, they belong to my father.' 'Who is he, pray tell?' questioned the puzzled American. 'Why, my Creator.' 'Oh,' snapped the humbled Yankee, 'Why didn't you say so from the first!' "

This is Kagawa's starting point, and once we grasp it we have thrown off fever and greed and begun to live in simplicity. He told the story of an adventure he had sixteen years ago while a student in America. He took a summer job as a butler in a Rhode Island mansion. The owner of the house took him about explaining that each door was to be kept carefully locked because every room contained some valuable rug, picture or piece of furniture. Every window had a burglar alarm on it. If he wanted to raise one he must press the button first and avoid sounding the alarm. With trepidation he went to bed, not daring to raise a window. He soon woke up, suffocating, and without thinking raised a window. At once the alarm was set off and twenty windows began to ring. The next day his job ended. And now he said: "I am much happier than that man with all his possessions, locks and alarms. I was happier than he when I lived in the slums of Kobe in one small room six feet square, with no possessions but one suit of clothes and one blanket."

The Chauffeurism of America

I asked Mr. Kagawa what he thought was the glaring weakness of America and he replied: "Chaufferism, the giddy pursuit of speed and size. Why all this cavorting when one can find joy in simple things? We need to consider those profound words of Jesus, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you.' We are deluged today with a multiplicity of desires, a thousand specialties clamor for our attention. Religion can master them and show us how to become independent over these trivialities. Religion is sculpture of the soul, it builds transcending inner power that makes us masters over all the lures of desire. It makes love supreme in our lives, and gives us a motive that can overcome the grasping and hate of the world."

Kagawa has the secret. I found it at once. His face glows with serenity, all his attitudes are shot through and through with love for everyone. What a blessing it would be if we could get such a triumphant hold on reality!

Let us cease to fret away our days in scrambling after every desire and grasp life's essentials! Centuries of research are often condensed into a sentence that one line may state. And here is one of humanity's profoundest secrets, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you!"

"This Mortal Must Put On Immortality"

By Karl Reiland

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 1 *Corinthians* 15:53.

DO we, in the sense of personal identity, live on after the event we call death? That is the most mysterious and amazing question we can entertain. No one can prove, nor can one deny, the continuity of life after death. The fact is in the realm of those "secret things" which "belong to the Lord our God," and yet there are some "revealed things" which "belong to us and to our children forever," which we as reasonable beings may make the ground of our expectancy and the spirit of our hope.

Immortality may make its best appeal to faith and hope from a quality of life. We think of immortality as a region or a realm rather than as a condition; as a state or sphere into which we shall enter at the moment of death, rather than as a spirit of life into which we may enter now. There may be and probably is a wonderful experience awaiting us when we die, but there is a more immediate immortality which we may begin to achieve here in this mortal life. It is the power we have to bring into this common human life of ours the things worth being eternal, the things which we are convinced ought not to, and cannot, die, the essential nature of which is immortal if anything is. Every one of us can think of and recognize some of these qualities both in ourselves and in others, and we know, better than anything else we know, that things like love, beauty, truth, service, loyalty and honor are among the highest things we can think of and the chiefest we can nourish in this life. In other words, life may become so spiritually excellent that we cannot conceive of its being blotted out in physical death. The idea becomes a revolting contradiction to every refined sense of fitness, wisdom and justice. Such a life is eloquent in its own right to persist beyond and above anything we know, and challenges the divine attributes of God to justify any other conclusion than its continuance after the incident of death. Here and now, "this mortal puts on its immortality," dresses itself in the significant garments of its becoming, and finds in this life the prophetic hints of "a land that is very far off," toward which we are drawing and projections of which make their mysterious impact upon our impressionable souls.

Wishful Thinking

One is often amused to run across objections to this hope of immortality, which assert the idea of an after life to be but the wish-thinking of our outreaching hearts. Indeed they are right, at least to some extent, for these wishes will not down; they are a part of our spiritual nature. Wishing is a divine part of the heart's real business. He who made us, made the ground

and the fabric of the whole wish-system and our hearts very likely know their fashioner better than do our reasoning heads.

Eternally Youthful

"He hath set eternity in their heart," the observing scribe eloquently put it; and he has said the thing which is native to every normal person. Everyone must be impressed with the stark inadequacy of our "three score years and ten" expectancy when measured with the implied promise in the lives of many of the great and good whom we have met both in life and in literature. Our minds cannot conceive a contradiction so staggering as the extinction of loveliness and virtue which by every inference of their beauty cry out for infinity.

Here we need to base all our viewpoints upon a very real and profitable fact. On any theory of geologic time, we, as human beings, are extremely youthful; we are far younger psychologically than we are physically. On a biologic scale, if we were mentally born last summer, we were spiritually born last evening, and with all our erudition we are not, after all, other than

> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

Failure to see this indisputable fact is to fail in a proper understanding of our progressive and promising, but nascent, human uature. We ourselves are the creators of nothing, we are merely a set of wonderfully made, unfolding creatures with potentialities far beyond our comprehension, and promises infinitely more spacious than our muddle-headed conjectures are able to explore. "This whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together" and "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God"—these and that other fine word of Paul, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God . . . they must be spiritually discerned" —are capable of being applied as they stand to the results of modern science in the fields of both biology and psychology.

Divine Purpose in Universe

We are no more responsible for the idea of immortality in the heart than for the eye of physical vision in the head. The organization of personality is charged with divine purpose as is the universe around us. One is as much the object of law as the other and all are in a grand scale evolution which has by no means finished its course. Our business is not to lose the spiritual implications of the hints unfolding in our essential human nature, and one of these is "this mor-

A Prayer for Lent and Easter

By Robert A. Ashworth

ALMIGHTY GOD, our heavenly Father, Thou hast been to Thy children of every generation in its turn as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Our fathers trusted Thee and served Thee in their day and left to us the heritage of faith. In Thy fear and admonition we have been reared and through the years Thou hast been our refuge and our strength. If in our days of prosperity we have been tempted to forget Thee and to rely upon our own resources, now, in these days of adversity and of deeper insight, disciplined by our failures and our losses, our pride abated, our self-confidence rebuked, we see that all that is worthy and lasting in our lives has been the gift of Thy love. Now we see that there is no peace but that which Thou dost bestow, no security but that which is found in Thee.

We come to Thee, therefore, driven by our need of Thee. That in which we have trusted has failed us. Our confidence in man has been shaken; our trust in things has been misplaced. Grant unto us a new discernment, that we may not miss the lessons Thou art teaching now. May ours be a hearing and an understanding heart and a teachable spirit, sensitive to Thy voice and obedient to Thy will. Thou, a very present help in time of trouble, art calling us back to Thyself, and bidding us to put our trust in Thee.

Instill, we beseech Thee, in all who are in places of authority and influence a deep sense of their responsibility and duty. Raise up righteous leaders who shall themselves be led of Thee, and endow them with that wisdom and devotion and unselfishness that shall make them the fit instruments of Thy holy purpose. Cast down from their high places all who have exploited others to enrich themselves or who have betrayed their fellows for their own advantage, and purge us every one of every false affection and dependence and all deceitfulness and self-deception. Make us equal to the times in which we live, and help us to build again the waste places of the world in honor, sincerity and truth.

Remind us once more, we pray, of that which we know so well but so easily forget—that we are Thy children, dependent upon Thee and responsible to Thee, and brothers one of another, bound together in one bundle of life and each his brother's keeper.

To all who are despondent and fearful of the future, grant the assurance of Thy constant presence and renew the promise of Thy guidance. May they believe, like their Master, Jesus Christ, that in times of stress and strain they are not alone, because the Father is with them.

And may the conquering spirit of Christ be ours, lifting us above the vicissitudes of fortune and overcoming the world through a sense of the divine companionship.

So help us to turn defeat into victory, enlisting the very enemies of our peace as spiritual allies, and bringing us off more than conquerors through Christ who loved us. Amen.

tal putting on its immortality," its everlastingness, its continuity.

Science and Immortality

The amazing extensions of our "new heaven" in astronomy and our "new earth" in physics are rich in symbolism for human life. With our expanding universe, our retreating spiral nebulae, growing star fields and the rebirth of worlds, to say nothing of the livingness of that other universe below the microscopic threshold of penetration, we have at least fascinating and beckoning suggestiveness for human nature that finds wonderful sympathy in the human heart. Perhaps these mysterious implications are more reliable and authoritative than all the proof-texts we can muster, and all the reasonings we can manage. Our intellect-

KARL REILAND

ual and spiritual infancy must be reckoned with all along, for by no means have we even begun to put away our childish things in this miracle of life and thought, which is our being.

It is no surprise that many persons do not feel this, and have difficulty in believing it. We do not all develop alike. Nature never has produced, and has not in store, a duplicate of anything. Socrates saw more than some of our modern wise men. Generations past have longed to see the things that millions see today, and have not seen them. It is nature's grand display of infinite difference. But the eternal question does not and will not down—"If a man die shall he live again?"—and the interrogation is itself the most thrilling and significant inference in our nascent consciousness, laden as it is with longing, with desire, with hope, mounting to faith, from within ourselves and from the creative Power who folded these implications in our evolving souls. Said Fichte: "If a man is to find a witness for the soul, immortality and God, he must find it in himself and in the spiritual history of his fellows. He must in freedom venture to believe in these things and find their verification in the contribution they make to the solution of life's mystery. One must venture to win them. If it were not so, they would not be objects of faith." And Pasteur, the scientist, bore this testimony: "In each of us is the man of science and the man of belief: a man who mourns his dead children and who cannot, alas! prove that he will see them, but who believes that he will and lives in that hope."

Sir Thomas Browne put his faith in these words: "A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discuss in Plato's den—a cave of transitive shadows —we are but embryo philosophers." And Sir William Osler: "Some of you will wander through all phases to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who 'had rather be mistaken with Plato than be right with those who deny altogether a life after death,' and this is my own Confessio Fidei."

To sentiments and convictions like these, the response is far more general than we may suppose, for the mystery surrounding this matter of immortality is not usually a topic of ordinary conversation, though it might benefit our common life if it were more discussed and pondered. It certainly would help and encourage those who suffer the loss of loved ones and whose bereavement at parting with them is often more fraught with anguish than need be, because they have consulted their faith till sorrow came to them. It ought not to take the heart out of us to meet the Omar with his "We are no other than a moving row," or Macbeth's "Out, out, brief candle!!" or Prospero's

> We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
> And our little life is rounded with a sleep,

which are quoted as of authority, for even these may be used to assist the validity of our theme here.

Nature Not the Last Word

If the spirit in our hearts is authoritative, as it seems to be, then nature, we know, is not by any means the last word. From the best face to face reckoning we are capable of, in this sphere of wrestling with mystery and infinity, the answer that best satisfies all conditions as we appear to know them is that superb affirmation of a great spiritual thinker, second only to his Master perhaps, when he quoted:

> What no eye has ever seen,
> What no ear has ever heard,
> What never entered into the mind of man,

God has prepared all that for those who love Him. And, he adds, "God hath revealed it to us by the Spirit, for the Spirit fathoms everything, even the depths of God."

So this mortal can "put on"—begin to live in—its immortal garments of the Spirit here and now, in courage, faith and hope. Yes, in confident trust, too, with-

out fear, listening to the articulate hints of our souls in their yearning, longing and love, sure that the everlasting arms are ample to their infinite aim and purpose, and the spirit sustaining them is made of mercy and loving kindness.

The other day I read the funeral service over a son of that great saint, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott. In a book which Dr. Abbott once gave me I found these words, and these I read at the funeral of his son. We may take them for our Easter message, and may they hearten and bless us, as indeed they should do:

> I believe that death and resurrection are synonymous, that death is the dropping of the body from the spirit, that resurrection is the up-springing of the spirit from the body; and I think of my friends and companions, not as lying in the grave waiting for a future resurrection, nor as living in some distant land singing hymns in loveless forgetfulness of those they loved on earth. I think of them as a great cloud of witnesses looking on to see how we run the race that is set before us, grieved in our failures, glad in our triumphs.
>
> And I look forward to the Great Adventure, which now cannot be far off, with awe, but not with apprehension. I enjoy my work, my home, my friends, my life. I shall be sorry to part with them. But always I have stood in the bow looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the life before me. When the time comes for my embarkation, and the ropes are cast off and I put out to sea, I think I shall still be standing in the bow and still looking forward with eager curiosity and glad hopefulness to the new world to which the unknown voyage will bring me.

Riches of Grace

By Henry Wade DuBose

According to the riches of his grace. Ephesians 1:8.

DR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, shortly before his death, was interviewed by a well-known journalist. The famous inventor and master of research was asked to make predictions concerning the probable trend of scientific discovery in the era that lies just ahead of us. His reply was very interesting. "The greatest discoveries of the near future," the man of science is reported to have said, "will be in the realm of the spirit." He went on to say that humanity's greatest need is spiritual. In recent generations we have penetrated the secrets of the physical universe and harnessed vast powers of nature to do our bidding and increase our wealth. But in doing so, said the eminent electrical genius, we have failed to find happiness, and our most urgent need is to make discoveries in the realm of the spirit—to lay hold upon the invisible resources that are able to enrich our souls, and so produce nobler and happier living.

What Dr. Steinmetz suggested in this remarkable interview was expounded to men by a greater than he nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The Apostle Paul, inspired by the Holy Spirit to interpret the gospel of Jesus Christ, constantly taught, as taught also the other New Testament writers, that great spiritual resources are within the reach of men, that these spiritual resources are sufficient to fill the lives of us all with joy and power and holiness; that all these resources are in Christ Jesus, and that we come to possess them when he possesses us. All these spiritual resources the Apostle Paul gathers up in a beautiful phrase—"riches of grace."

I.

But before we can make any inventory of the riches of grace, it may be that some of us need to refresh our minds as to what "grace" means.

The little word grace is a jewel of a word—the most precious and characteristic word of the gospel of Jesus Christ. By the careless handling of it, the luster of a jewel may be dimmed. And I have an idea that in our Christian worship and reading we have handled this precious word so thoughtlessly that we have dimmed its heavenly radiance. We have come to use it glibly, without catching our breath at its marvelous meaning.

By derivation and history this word grace has in it three ideas, like the three strands of silken cord. There is the idea of beauty. We recognize that when we speak of a graceful flower or a graceful girl. There is also the idea of gladness. A gracious person is one who is concerned to make people happy. And intertwined with these ideas is the idea of kindness. "Grace" has been defined as "a beautiful kindness that makes people glad."

If we follow this charming word through the New Testament we find it there assuming a more specific and diviner meaning. There grace is the beautiful kindness that lives in the heart of God. Grace is the love of the Father in heaven extended to sinful men, to save them and recreate them in righteousness, in order that he may bestow upon them a heavenly inheritance, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And that is the great idea that dominates the whole New Testament. God so loved the world that he gave his son to save it. He commended his love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

But, because the New Testament writers were so convinced that salvation had its only source in the grace of God, they came to apply the word grace not only to the loving disposition of the heart of God, but also to the saving stream that flows from that source. And so grace came to mean the saving work of God in human lives. To Timothy, Paul wrote: "My son, be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." The life and strength imparted to believers by the Holy Spirit came to be thought of as grace, and the beautiful qualities of character that blossom from this inner life came to be called the Christian graces, and Bible-reading and prayer and the sacraments, because they foster the spiritual life, came to be called the means of grace.

And so, to conclude the whole matter, we may picture grace as a life-giving stream that rises in the heart of God, appears to human eyes in the person and work of Jesus Christ, flows through the souls of all believers,

and clothes their lives with the beauty and fruits of Christian character.

By "riches of grace" the apostle means all the spiritual resources that are at the disposal of Christians through the redeeming work of Christ and the gracious presence of his Holy Spirit. All that men need, to make life strong and true and happy, has been provided in Christ and his salvation.

II.

But the astounding thing is that we need to be persuaded to take possession of these riches. It is one thing to own property. It is another thing to possess it. It is one thing to hold title to an estate. It is quite another to take, and use, and enjoy it.

One is reminded of a phrase that fell from the lips of the wicked king Ahab. One day he said to his servants, "Ramoth in Gilead is ours, and we are still, and take it not!" Just across the river there lay a fair province. It belonged to Israel, but through sheer cowardice or supine indifference it was neglected and left a prey to hostile neighbors. But one day the king was stirred with anger and disgust at his own inertia. "Ramoth in Gilead is ours," he cried, "and here we sit and take it not!"

This exactly describes the attitude of countless Christians toward the riches of grace. The inheritance is ours but we take it not. It belongs to us, but through sheer indifference or lack of faith we have failed to take possession of it.

There is an old story of a British general who returned from India rich with captured treasure. When he was accused of greed and robbery for taking so much booty from the conquered Rajah, his nonchalant answer was: "Why, sirs, I was surprised at my own moderation!" "There are Christians," said Dr. Maclaren of Manchester, "who ought to be ashamed of their moderation." The King of Glory has opened before us the doors of his treasure house. He has invited us to help ourselves. He has offered to supply our every need through his riches in glory. And still we live like beggars.

III.

Getting behind the figure of speech, and exchanging the language of poetry for prose, let us think of some of the riches that God has abundantly provided for us all, and that men are strangely loath to appropriate.

First and foremost among the riches of grace the New Testament puts the forgiveness of sins. Men think but little of that today, because the sense of sin has grown dim. And yet there are multitudes of people who are living with a great question mark in their minds, and a great unrest in their hearts. They know that their lives are out of joint. They have made such a muddle of living that many would gladly be out of it altogether. And the future at best is a murky uncertainty. There may be no frank confession of sin. There may be no poignant consciousness of it. But there is weariness of life, and a bitter discontent. A good woman was recently talking to her brother, who was not a Christian. He had been reared in a godly home. He had a good position, a devoted wife and lovely children. But he was not happy. He said, "I get so blue that I can hardly live." This faithful sister lovingly told her brother that only God could lift the burden from his soul. He has accepted Christ, and members of his family have joyfully followed him in that step.

"In the beloved we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." They say that in Paris they still show the old tax books in which, on the page headed Domremy, there are the usual official figures of assessment, but written across them in red letters these words,

Henry Wade DuBose

"Free for the Maid's sake." Says Dr. Gossip, who tells the story: "In the book of the angel of judgment, on the page headed by your name and mine, there is a sorry record, but across it, in a deeper red, there is written, "Free for Jesus' sake." "O the riches of grace!"

If our sins are forgiven, we have a right to the peace of God that passeth understanding—a peace that none of the changes of time can mar. A minister a few months ago was called to a home from which sudden death had taken the husband and father. He was led to the room where the widow lay on a couch. She was a beautiful woman between fifty and sixty years of age, with a face that was the very pattern of refinement. My friend sat by her side and said, "I am deeply distressed because of your sorrow." And he told me a few days later that he would never forget the lovely light in that woman's face, as, with a smile, she looked full in his eyes and said: "Yes, it has been a great shock to us all. But think of his joy. He has been with the

Lord for six hours." It was not the minister who spoke the triumphant words. It was the stricken woman. My friend said that tears flowed down his cheeks like rain, as with perfect composure that lovely woman went on to say: "For thirty years my husband and I have walked very closely together. But all the way we have walked with the Lord. And now in my bereavement he is fulfilling his promise. He is filling my heart with his peace and joy."

When this incident was related to a Christian woman of my acquaintance, she said: "It is wonderful, but there are many people who cannot understand a story like that and will hardly believe it." And that is doubtless true, for the riches of grace are real only to those who have learned to "practice the presence of God," and to garner the harvest of faith.

But we have only begun to appraise the riches of grace. There are riches of wisdom in Jesus Christ. And, oh, how we need his wisdom! We muddle along and bungle our home life, our business life, our community life. We fail as parents, as brothers, as friends, as neighbors, as citizens, as witnesses for Christ—and all the while our Lord is waiting to give us light to live by, and to teach our fingers to deftly handle the threads of life. There is no problem in our lives that the fingers of Christ cannot untangle. There is no perplexity for which his grace is insufficient. In him are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

But, what of the social problems that perplex us? What of the evils that stifle and starve handicapped men and races? What of the wrongs that are rooted in all the broad relations of life? What of the deadlock of rival classes and nations?

Here, too, the Christian is sure that the wisdom of Christ is the only solution. But wisdom is more than sound doctrine. It involves good will no less than clear thinking. The application of the ethic of Jesus to human problems waits upon the triumph of the spirit of Jesus in human hearts. Let us go forward as fast and as far as we can. Let us not for a moment consent to call that spirit Christian that does not strive for social justice and burn with pity and indignation before a thousand present ills. But let us not, on the other hand, suppose that selfish hearts can conceive, or earth-bound wills construct, a Christian social order. They who most advance the kingdom will go forward on their knees, and in their sublime endeavor be supported by "the riches of his grace."

By faith we possess ourselves of these spiritual resources that Christian character and Christian service require. But this faith so highly exalted in gospel teaching is an attitude that brings under the sway of God's spirit the believer's mind and heart and will. For the channel of his grace our Heavenly Father has chosen believing hearts. Our age waits for nothing so urgently as for men who wait upon God in utter devotion and sincere faith.

IV.

The Apostle Peter exhorts us to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God." We hold the riches of grace in trust. To receive gifts from God is to be in duty bound to pass them on. The kingdom of God is a kingdom of love. And love is never a stagnant pool. Love is a mountain stream that keeps fresh and sweet and pure by pouring its waters forever into the lap of the thirsty plain.

The riches of grace are in this respect peculiar. To possess them we must share them. To retain them we must pass them on to others. When the first Foreign Mission society formed in America applied for a charter in the state of Massachusetts there was strong opposition in the state legislature. An opponent said, "You propose to export religion, when we haven't enough at home." To which a friend of the measure aptly replied, "Religion is a commodity of which the more we export the more we shall have remaining."

There are various ways in which we must discharge our duty as stewards of the grace of God. We must bear our personal witness. We must give of our treasure to send the good tidings to the ends of the earth. But there is a more important way.

Tertullian is reported to have said that he, and most of the converts of his day, were won, not by reading the Scriptures, but by watching how Christians lived and died, until there sprang up in them a wistful desire for that something different that the followers of Jesus obvoiusly had.

And so it has ever been. The most effective evangelism is the radiant glow of Christlike lives. When men observe that we who follow Jesus are rich in wisdom and goodness and joy and peace, they will covet our Christ, and turn aside to hear his gospel. For, through our lives, as through merchants' windows, they will glimpse the riches of his marvelous grace.

Prayer in April

GOD grant that I may never be
A scoffer at Eternity—
As long as every April brings
The sweet rebirth of growing things;
As long as grass is green anew,
As long as April's skies are blue,
I shall believe that God looks down
Upon His wide earth, cold and brown,
To bless its unborn mystery
Of leaf, and bud, and flower to be;
To smile on it from tender skies—
How could I think it otherwise?

Had I been dust for many a year,
I still would know when Spring was near,
For the good earth that pillowed me
Would whisper immortality,
And I, in part, would rise and sing
Amid the grasses murmuring.

When looking on the mother sod,
Can I hold doubt that this be God?
Or when a primrose smiles at me,
Can I distrust Eternity?

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

Shall We Stop Preaching?

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

I AM asking this question, Shall we stop preaching in the church?—because I want to discuss a practical question in a serious manner. I do not assume that the question is ridiculous and the answer obvious.

Many methods of work that formerly were found good are today outmoded. May this be true of preaching in the church? Certainly there are indications of it. Progressive education maintains that we learn best by doing and not by hearing. Also it must frankly be admitted that the church has a long record of preaching and, in the opinion of many, not much to show for it. "Gospel-hardened" hearers are not rare. Preparation for preaching takes a great deal of time. Ask anyone who is seriously attempting to do it! May it not be that the preacher has fallen into a rut and that he would be better advised to spend more time in the marketplace and elsewhere and less "in his study"? The minister is a man like anybody else and if he spends his energy in one place he must deny it in other places.

• *Preacher and Artist*

Look at the matter further from the point of view of the hearers. All preachers are secretly impressed (sometimes depressed) by the patience and long-suffering of congregations. Would they do better to listen less and to act more? Are the functions of ministers and lay-Christians being too widely differentiated and specialized, the former becoming talkers and the latter hearers? Who then shall be the doers?

In a sense all this is nothing new. Like most of the real questions of any age you can find it posed somewhere in an old poem. For example, Emerson nearly a hundred years ago wrote this quatrain:

> "A new commandment," said the smiling Muse,
> "I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach";—
> Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
> And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
> Hafiz and Shakespeare with their shining choirs.

No one can read this without realizing that it is no light verse. There is passion in it for all its urbanity. And I take it that the revolt from preaching voiced in it contains the heart of the serious objection to preaching today. Let us take the gist of the poem and put it in plain words, for no one can argue about a poem; one can only take it or leave it. What this quatrain does is to contrast in the person of certain notable men the nature of the preacher with that of the poet, as the all-embracing artist, to the detriment of the former. It pictures the preacher abashed before the true artist. Here is an ancient and oft-repeated charge. The preacher is

TERTIUS VAN DYKE

inexperienced, narrow, inartistic. Is it true? In one sense it is and I think no one would be more prompt to admit it than the preacher. For preaching is not an art in the same way as poetry is. It may be an art, but it is an art strictly limited by its objective and therefore less universal in its scope. Furthermore the preacher, in so far as he may be an artist, is not an artist in terms of his sermon, as the poet is in his poems; he is rather an artist in terms of the effect upon his particular hearers. The preacher's artistry is in terms of life and is determined by that fact. The poet admittedly has a far better chance of achieving pure artistic perfection.

• *The Preacher's Moral Goal*

But there is another argument here against the preacher and in favor of the poet and I wonder if this is not the real heart of the matter. The preacher, having a moral goal in view, selects and uses his material consciously to that end. The poet, considered solely as the universal artist, is unconscious of any goal and therefore freer. This makes for a great difference in method. The preacher is direct where the poet is indirect. The preacher is purposefully selective where the poet admittedly has a more spontaneous manner of playing on his instrument.

The advantage artistically is all with the poet. But when we inquire into the nature of man we begin to find some justification for preaching. For man is not merely an artist interested in the interpretation and dramatization of life as it is; he is also a workman charged with producing improvements. He has not only to enjoy his life in the ephemeral sense and convey that enjoyment to others; he has also to point his life to what he believes to be its real goal, and this also he must share with his fellows. This sense of moral opportunity and obligation, though it may appear in diseased form, is not truly an excrescence on life; it is one of its vital forces. As a matter of fact, most of the really great poets exhibit strong evidence of it—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson. And just so the greatest preachers, from Paul to Phillips Brooks, were full of poetry. The difference between the method of a preacher and a poet depends on whether the main accent is laid on artistic interpretation or moral purpose. Granted the nature of man as a moral being as well as an artistic being, is there not just as much justification for the preacher as there is for the poet?

• *What Is Left for The Pulpit?*

But there is another aspect to this question. Shall we stop preaching *today?* Is this an age in which pulpit preaching has lost its potency, when its value has been taken over by other activities, when the modern methods of religious education have expropriated its moral force and when music and painting and architecture and poetry have carried off whatever artistic merit it had? In other words, has preaching become secularized so that it is not needed just now in the pulpit of the church? Quite frankly, I think there is much to be said for this. Many values of preaching that used to be reserved to the pulpit are now to be found in newspapers, magazines, books and in various forms of artistic expression. The number of persons preaching today in this broad

sense is greatly increased. Is there anything left for the pulpit to do? My answer is an unqualified "Yes," provided the pulpit will cease imitating this secular preaching and return to its own vital business in terms of today.

• *Preaching as Pastoral Function*

In the first place, we need a revival of preaching as a pastoral function. There is too much preaching at the world as a matter of publicity and not enough preaching in a parish as a matter of personal persuasion. The conveying of good news within a group of people known to one another and, to a degree at least, engaged in a common cause, is a far different business from propounding a detailed plan and telling the world about it through a publicity agent. Many preachers today are attempting to do things for which they have little or no qualification. They need to get back to preaching as a pastoral function: to standing in a pulpit and speaking to a familiar group in what Joseph Fort Newton calls "the awful intimacy of the pulpit," week after week, year after year.

• *"Specialists in the Study of Sin"*

In the next place and as a consequence of what has just been said, preaching needs to be separated from the mere retailing at second hand of the opinions and views of "leading scientists and statesmen." The preacher is neither the errand boy of science nor the page boy of legislative halls. His message must come from direct relationship with God and men, or it has lost the authentic note of preaching. We preachers must regain for ourselves intellectual and moral respect; our vital scholarship must improve. We must really know men and God, not in terms of passing fads, but of the eternal verities. Perhaps Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh was nearer right than most of us when he expressed the desire to be known as a specialist in the study of sin, leaving other distinctions to other men.

When a preacher wins the personal, not the professional authority which sincere pastoral concern, exercised in the marketplace, in people's homes, among people at play and in his own study and pulpit, entitles him to, he will find preaching not an outgrown function but a vital activity. He will find the message and the program of Christianity not contradictory, but complementary elements.

The question, Shall we stop preaching? must be answered with a vigorous "No" by all who have escaped the clutches both of the oh-dear-what-shall-I-preach-about-tomorrow school and of the invisible-all-week-and-incomprehensible-on-the-Sabbath school. If we catch a vision of what preaching may be, not as an end in itself, but as a part of the life of the church both for people and preacher, and then labor faithfully in the Word, I believe the doubts now rife will dissolve sufficiently to justify a man of faith in preaching at the top of his ability.

A preacher was once informed by one of the adherents of a church that there was no more reason why the adherent should come on Sunday to hear what the preacher had been thinking about all week than that the preacher should come to hear what the adherent had been thinking about. To whom the only answer possible, so far as preaching is concerned, was: It all depends upon what you have been thinking about, and whether you are competent to think.

VERSE

Beyond the Horizon

WHEN men go down to the sea in ships,
'Tis not to the sea they go;
Some isle or pole the mariners' goal,
And thither they sail through calm and gale,
When down to the sea they go.

When souls go down to the sea by ship,
And the dark ship's name is Death,
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?
Though outward bound, God's world is round,
And only a ship is Death.

When I go down to the sea by ship,
And death unfurls her sail,
Weep not for me, for there will be
A living host on another coast
To beckon and cry, "All hail!"

ROBERT FREEMAN.

Our Dead

LET us not think of our departed dead
As caught and cumbered in these graves of earth;
But think of death as of another birth,
As a new freedom for the wings outspread,
A new adventure waiting on ahead,
As a new joy of more ethereal mirth,
As a new world with friends of nobler worth,
Where all may taste a more immortal bread.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

The Secret

APRIL whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow now:
"I am death's white mystery,"
April whispered this to me.

"Life from death! O ecstasy
Of the first white lifted bough!"
April whispered this to me
And I have done with sorrow.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

Knowledge

THEY list for me the things I can not know:
Whence came the world? What Hand flung out the light
Of yonder stars? How could a God of right
Ordain for earth an ebbless tide of woe?

Their word is true; I would not scorn their doubt
Who press their questions of the how and why.
But this I know: that from the star-strewn sky
There comes to me a peace that puts to rout
All brooding thoughts of dread, abiding death;
And too I know, with every fragrant dawn,
That Life is Lord; that, with the Winter gone,
There cometh Spring, a great reviving Breath.

It is enough that life means this to me;
What death shall mean, some sunny Morn shall see.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

SINCE 1919 *Rev.* CHARLES F. WISHART has been president of the College of Wooster. Earlier in his career he had been professor of systematic theology at Pittsburgh seminary. But from his ordination in the United Presbyterian ministry until 1919 he spent many years in the pastorate: at the 11th United Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh, which he founded, from 1897 to 1910, and at Second Presbyterian church, Chicago, from 1914 to 1919. He served as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1923, and has held a number of other posts of responsibility in the fields of education, church extension, etc. In 1907 he was president of the Presbyterian National Young People's Christian Union.

*Since his graduation at Princeton theo*logical seminary, in 1905, Rev. CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY has had but three pastorates: at First Presbyterian church, Paterson, N. J., 1905-14; Arch Street church, Philadelphia, 1914-27, and First church, Pittsburgh, where he now ministers. Dr. Macartney received his A. B. from the University of Wisconsin and his M. A. from Princeton university. His denomination elected him moderator of its general assembly in 1924-5. He is a director of Princeton seminary.

Rev. FREDERICK F. SHANNON *began* his ministerial career in the Methodist Episcopal church, South, having been ordained in that fellowship in 1899. His first extended pastorate was at Grace church, Brooklyn, where he ministered from 1904 to 1912. Then he went to the leadership of the Reformed Church of the Heights, Brooklyn, and from Brooklyn came to Chicago in 1920, where he succeeded Dr. Gunsaulus at the famous Central church. Dr. Shannon has written many books, among them "God's Faith in Man," "The Infinite Artist" and "The Unfathomable Christ."

Ordained as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal church in 1902, Rev. KARL REILAND, after a brief pastorate in Connecticut, went to New York city, as assistant rector at Grace church. In 1910 he went to St. Andrew's church, Yonkers, N. Y., as rector, and in 1912 returned to New York, where he has led the work of St. George's church to the present time. Dr. Reiland is the author of "The World's Miracle and Other Observations."

Completing his academic education at Oberlin, Rev. ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT entered Yale Divinity school and received his B. D. degree there in 1924. That year he went to China where he became professor of literature at Peking university. After three years teaching service he returned to America, and accepted a call to First Congregational church, Norwood, Mass. Since last year he has been minister of the First Church of Christ, Longmeadow, Mass. Dr. Bartlett has published a number of books, and has been in wide demand as a lecturer on internationalism.

Rev. HENRY WADE DU BOSE *received* his A. B. degree at Vanderbilt university, and his B. D. at Presbyterian seminary in Louisville. Ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. in 1910, he served in successive pastorates in Kentucky, Alabama and Virginia. Since 1923 he has ministered at First Presbyterian church, Spartanburg, S. C.

Rev. ROBERT A. ASHWORTH, *until re*cently editor of the Baptist, is now a contributing editor to The Christian Century.

Rev. TERTIUS VAN DYKE *is minister of* the Congregational church, Washington, Conn. He is a son of Dr. Henry van Dyke.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

THOMAS A. GOODWIN, First Congregational, Waukegan, Ill. "In Debt to God." 1 Cor. 4:7—"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

HENRY H. TROTTER, Reformed Episcopal, Cleveland, O. "Yourself? Which Self?" Mark 5:9—"And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

.....
Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

L. W. CORVEY, Jefferson Avenue Methodist, Moberly, Mo. "Today's Task." Rev. 3:2—"Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain."

FRANCIS C. ELLIS, First Congregational, Riverside, Cal. "What Can Religion Do for Us?" Eph. 3:20—"Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

R. H. MOORMAN, First Baptist, Topeka, Kan. "The Weightier Matters." Matt. 23:23—"The weightier matters—justice, and mercy, and integrity."

HUBERT N. DUKES, First Congregational, Jackson, Mich. "What Is Left?" Isa. 6:1—"In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord."

JOHN M. VERSTEEG, Walnut Hills-Avondale Methodist, Cincinnati, O. "A Spiritual Interpretation of History." Deut. 6:23—"He brought us out to bring us in. . . ."

FRED E. FRANKSON, First Methodist, Green Bay, Wis. "Hard Time Religion." Isa. 40:7—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

WITH a whole world in disorder bordering on chaos; with a dictatorship starting its career in Germany by breaking the elementary laws of civilization and humanity in an insanely brutal campaign against the Jews; with Japan running amuck in Asia and withdrawing from the League of Nations; with two wars or their equivalent raging in South America; with the world disarmament conference all but stalled, and the world economic conference travailing in pain to be born; with Prime Minister MacDonald flying from capital to capital in Europe in a desperate effort to save the nations from the insanity of another war; with Mussolini—of all men—sponsoring a disarmament plan; with England publishing a white paper that dashes the hopes of India's patriots; with a fascist revolution imminent in Austria and a Hapsburg restoration imminent in Hungary; with the Bulgar king defying the pope and Jugoslavia expelling the Jesuits; with the United States moving toward a benevolent (?) dictatorship; with Mr. Roosevelt completing his presidential honeymoon and now faced with a change in the public mood toward his policies; with agriculture and industry and banking and unemployment and railroads and international debts and tariffs and a score of other major problems still unsolved—the big event of the month is the fact that on April 7 "good wholesome beer" will freely flow again!

April 7

The Book of the Month

OUT OF MY LIFE AND THOUGHT. *An Autobiography, by Albert Schweitzer. Henry Holt & Co.,* $2.50.

AMONG the really great figures of our generation stands Albert Schweitzer. He is scholar, artist, scientist, missionary and saint. As scholar, he is most famous for his research work in the field of the historicity of Jesus, for his startling interpretation of the messianic and eschatological consciousness of Jesus, and his interpretation of the mysticism of St. Paul. As artist, he is the most authoritative interpreter of the music of Sebastian Bach and one of the master organists of Europe. As scientist, he is a highly trained physician. As missionary, he left the cultural activities, comforts and honors of Strassburg to devote his life to Christian work in the heart of the Congo country in Africa. As saint, his devotion in all these fields reflects a quality of personal experience which, even were his genius less conspicuous, would mark him as a man of God. This story of his life is simply written. I think it must have been hurriedly written. Certainly it was conceived in great modesty. There is not enough "inwardness" in the account to fully satisfy the profound interest which the career of its author has excited throughout Christendom. The author contents himself with tracing his movements from place to place, from task to task, from stage to stage of his life, and maintains an all too modest reticence about his own motives and inward feelings. But the book is great despite this lack. It will give to every minister who reads it the sense not only of acquaintance but of companionship with a great soul and a new assurance of the power of Christ to produce a life of such nobility.

A Thought for the Month

OUR modern Christianity differs from that of the first Christians in the basic fact that they felt themselves in the grip of a will which was not their own while we have little or no awareness of any such supreme power with its accompanying loyalty.

The Sense of Loyalty

Christ laid his hand heavily upon the early Christians. Paul called himself the bond-slave of Christ. "I bear in my body," he declares, "the mark of his branding iron." "I am dead; it is Christ that lives in me." "I have not yet grasped that for which I was clutched hold upon by Christ Jesus, but I press on." Peter, reprimanded for preaching the gospel, declared his helplessness to abstain. "We cannot *but* speak"—there was nothing else for him to do. This sense of being bought with a price, of being held in the bonds of a divine purpose, seems remote and unreal to us of today. It is a far cry from their state of mind to ours. Our minds are not cast in their mould. It is not that we lack the stuff of which such heroes can be made, but we lack the abandon of a great faith which is necessary to lift us out of ourselves and put our lives and powers into the control of a power higher than our own. We are afraid to do it. We cannot get our consent to let go. The native hue of our loyalty to a divine enterprise becomes sicklied o'er with the pale cast of tentativeness or experiment. We never get past the tentative. We hesitate before multiple-alternatives. We set our foot forward, and then draw it back. We choose, but we do not feel that we have been chosen. This is the debilitating disease of our age. No man ever gets deep into the realities of life until he has learned the secret of a supreme loyalty. Yet the passion of loyalty is at a discount in our time. With the dissolution of all bonds of traditional authority, there seems to remain nothing divinely austere enough to command our uninhibited allegiance. The prophet we are looking for is one who will show us God again, and show Him to us in such form and character that we cannot but surrender our wills to his will. I cannot help feeling that such a prophetic voice will soon resound among us.

Charles Clayton Morrison

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A NEW ENGLAND MINISTER writes: "*The Christian Century Pulpit* and *The Christian Century* are at once conservative and progressive, fearlessly analyzing current problems in the light of a devotional Christian ideal."

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During the three years of its career, the Pulpit has corrected the impression that the preaching of today is visionless, superficial, ineffective. Month after month, it has presented sermons by the well-known, and by the not-so-well-known, masters of the pulpit. And the universal verdict is that, if *The Christian Century Pulpit* is to be taken as evidence, there is more vital preaching today than in any so-called golden age of preaching. Buttrick, Fosdick, Newton, Sizoo, Sockman, Hough, Merrill, Tittle, Phillips, Chalmers, Luccock, Norwood, Kerr, Coffin, Roberts, Boddy, McCall, Wicks, the Gilkeys, Kinsolving, McConnell, Coe, Palmer, Ainslie—these are but a few of the prophetic preachers who have been heard in the columns of the *Pulpit*.

Coming—Sermons by

Carl S. Patton
M. H. Lichliter
George Lawrence Parker
Roger Eddy Treat
Ralph W. Sockman
Alfred W. Wishart
Ray Freeman Jenney
George A. Buttrick
John Wright Buckham
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